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1. Caught

Caught

Oh no. Oh wow. Oh geez.

I was afraid. Afraid for our friendship, my secret, everything. I hoped this was just a bad dream. I really did. I knew it wasn't, but I still hoped. I wanted to curl up in a ball and cry, but that would just make me seem weaker. I could already feel tears welling up in my eyes, though. Sandstorm stared at me with... well, what was that look? Sympathy? Couldn't be. No cat could have sympathy for a warrior as weak as me. I let out a small whimper. Then a heave. Then a... no. I pushed my sob back into my throat. I would not cry. I would **not** cry. ...I would cry. I started to sob uncontrollably. I couldn't help it. I just wanted to ascend to Silverpelt. And yet I didn't, because I knew StarClan would not take in a warrior this weak. I was a disgrace to the whole clan. I started to fall into darkness again. Cats shouting for me to be banished, Tigerclaw ripping me to shreds, dying hungry and alone in the forest... *Fireheart... Fireheart...* "Fireheart!"
I opened my eyes. Sandstorm stood over me. "Get up.", she said, "And explain."

"So... you like to act like a kit?" she said. "Yes." I replied. I started to cry a little bit again. "I'm the weakest cat in ThunderClan..." A few seconds silence. "No." Sandstorm told me. "You are the strongest. Liking to act like you are a kit doesn't make you weak." I laid down, my face in my paws. A couple seconds went by. Then, Sandstorm said something unexpected.

"Well, you'll need a queen to look after you. And I'm the only one who knows, so... how about me?"